

Parental Advisory

Jay Rock

We outchea everyday, racked up, strapped up
Call for your backup 'fore we get active (bam bam)
Shots lit off, cars sped off
Pistol grip, pump in the trunk, knock your head off
Youngin's out late night, smokers in the alleyway
Streets ain't fair so watch for the foulplay
Niggas like to roleplay, stay away from them
Them the type of clowns that'll try to do you in
They'll get you in a room, say it's either you or him
Volunteer snitchin', that's any easy move to him
Look, money talk, bullshit walks 1000 miles, acquitted
The evidence got lost in the trial now
Back to the block, niggas sellin' rocks
Hoes sellin' cot/cock, right in-front of the cops
Ain't no time like now, eyes in-front of the clock
Niggas ain't wise enough, expire right on the spot

Pimpin' these loose hoes
(Out here)
They pippen' don't you know
(They out here)
Red rags with big GATs
(Stay out here)
Money bags and dope sacks
(It's out here)
Who out here?
Where my east side niggas at? Where my west side niggas at?
Where my east side? Where my west side niggas at?
All my niggas that we that
(We out here)

Prolific, so gifted
Eat the snub nose spittin' the .45 in
Got these young hoes trippin', cold pimpin'
Put this currency in motion, that's the whole mission
Look, snakes in the shadows slitherin'
Know the difference between soldiers and citizens who militant
You seen them war veterans?
On their yard doin' long stretches, tryna get home to enjoy blessings
Fuck stressin'
We kush smoke nigga, fuck cessin'
Hittin' donuts in the intersection
105 existential
Nigga Eastside Watts nothin' residential, nigga
You see them pyramids on Imperial
I'm a project baby raised off chicken noodle soup
Saltine crackers and soggy cereal
To make it out the 'jects, that's considered a miracle
Visit

Uh, black tint on the Testarosta
Hustlin' like we broke, still look ferocious
Yeah, you don't wanna test the holster
I ain't on bullshit, bullshit, I'm steppin' over
I might be with my oldhead sippin' cold ones
Talkin' 'bout the Art of War
Niggas don't want beef once I bring 'em round these carnivores

Shut 'em down, open up shop like a corner store
Serve the masses, make a lot of cash
If they press you for taxes, burn 'em down to ashes
On some veteran shit
We ain't tryna take no L's, gotta Mayweather this shit
I'm out here in the outfield like a Dodger
Rare LA fitted, hit the wall and I rob ya
I'm in the projects, givin' out diagnostics
For niggas I heard killin' and dyin' for high profits
I did it all, seen it all, know that
Far from your average, snapshotted and quote that
Kodak
Jay Rock, Watts City finest
We livin' for the moments, look around and you notice

[Hook]